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BOSTON RECORDER.

A HINT TO PASTORS.

Many of them are now passing through scenes of the deepest interest, as God is carrying on his work of grace by their agency. Not a few, who may read this article, are daily brought into contact with individuals in a state of anxiety respecting their salvation. Their present experience, especially of the younger men in the ministry, is of immense value to them, and is greatly to influence them in future similar scenes, which may and will occur under their ministry.

We suggest, as worthy of their attention, the preparation of a blank book, devoted entirely to this single department of their labor—the treatment of *awakened sinners*. Let an entry be made, at the head of different pages, of different classes of subjects, as for example:

Scriptural subjects which have been especially useful in awakening sinners; How to distinguish between an awakened and a convicted sinner; Scriptural temptations and dangers of awakened sinners; Hindrances in their coming to Christ; Scriptural facts peculiarly adapted to enlighten and guide awakened sinners to the Saviour; Scriptural cases of submission to the will of God; Affecting topics of appeal to the awakened; A variety of other subjects will suggest themselves to the thoughtful and anxious pastor. Under these topics in pages left blank for the purpose, may be entered various illustrations, quotations from judicious and experienced writers, facts occurring under the pastor's notice or gathered from other quarters, hints and suggestions of his own to different classes of the awakened. How many deeply interesting incidents to enrich the pages of such a book occur in a single review! These incidents and illustrations often succeed each other rapidly, and crowd one out of the mind, unless some method is adopted, to retain them. In all their freshness, they may be retained by a little care in the way suggested. Such a blank book, lying on the study table, ready to receive any fact of value, observed or drawn from books, and ready also to receive and treasure those warm appeals which the pastor's heart works out, in its own deep ponderings, and which flash upon him at times with such power from the sacred pages; such a book, recording thus the experience and observations of years, would grow in value as years rolled on. It would become a depository of most valuable suggestions. As soon as ever scene of the Spirit's glorious power occurs in the pastor's labors, this book would be one of reference, furnishing ready to his hand, the tried weapons of such assaults on Satan's kingdom, and the successful appeals by which sinners have been safely guided to the Saviour.

Such a record would eminently refresh and interest the mind in prospect of entering the meeting for religious inquiry, suggesting topics and illustrations, that might have escaped the thoughts of one who had not furnished for himself some aid of this sort. And from such a book the most important advantages would be apparent in preparing pulpit addresses to the class of persons now under consideration.

There are few pastors who do not feel painful consciousness of the imperfections of their manner of dealing with awakened sinners. Their case is eminently critical, the evil of wrong or defective conduct is so great; the importance, so imperious, of hearing down upon them with all the most impressive and wisely chosen speeches; the little time the awakened may remain in that hopeful condition in which their present seriousness presents them; the powerful and cunning machinations of Satan; all these things fill the pastor's mind with oppressive anxiety. We would do nothing to relieve them, for these anxieties are eminently salutary in their influence, leading him, as nothing else could, to cast all on God for help. But not the course now suggested aid him in so furnishing his mind with valuable facts and suggestions as to render him more efficient and useful in that most critical and important of all a pastor's labors, the directing of awakened sinners to the Saviour?

words of the speaker arrested his attention.—“The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.” He paused and leaned upon his staff. His face lighted up with animation. The great demand of his soul was met. “This is just what I want, just what I want,” he cried, and threw away his implements of self-torture, and laid down with cheerful alacrity his burden at the cross. But to us, my brethren, this truth comes not after we have exhausted ourselves in the search for peace. To us this Saviour comes not to pluck out the sword with which we have pierced our own bodies. And we have been so long acquainted with the plan of salvation, that we do not sympathize with the saving emotion of an apostle when he exclaims, “Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!”

Not many years ago, in a desolate portion of our own land, there lived a man sunk almost to the degradation of heathenism. In early life he had lived within the sound of the gospel, and had heard something of its edifying doctrines, but they had quite faded from his memory. A long life spent in brutalizing ignorance and everlasting dissipation, and among those who knew, never spoke to him of Jesus, had completely eradicated every religious impression from his mind. He passed years growing up in the spiritual stupidity, without one thought of God. Only as he went at work in his field, suddenly and spontaneously, by one of those unaccountable processes by which the Holy Spirit urges conviction upon the soul, the thought rushed upon him, I am a sinner, and a sinner against God. He tried to banish it, but it stayed there. He left his work, and sat down to give himself up to the overpowering emotion—Every moment the picture grew deeper and blacker on the eye of his soul. The acts of his past life came rushing in one after another, with fearful rapidity, till the events of years were concentrated into a moment, and that moment one of intense and burning consciousness of guilt. He went home, but the conviction followed him there, and first, the single idea of sin was so intense that it overcame all other thought, even its eternal consequences. He could not sleep, and the expectation of punishment took possession of his soul. Distracted with the sense of his own pollution, haunted by the angry eye of God, he lay down to sleep with a foreboding of some dreadful avenging stroke, he wandered about not knowing whether to repair for relief. The dim light of his early education did not shine upon him with its former vividness. No Bible was near to teach him of the way of salvation. At length in part exhausted by the over-working of his nature, in part yielding to his new views of truth, he settled down into something like submission to the will of God. He had become a changed man; he communed with his Maker; he was animated by high purpose, and a sense of duty. Yet still he felt no peace. He looked upon himself as doomed to destruction; but he felt his deserts, and never measured his sins. He was solem to the grave. No one ever saw a smile upon his countenance. Day by day he walked to his field with the burden upon his soul, but still he felt that God was just, and he admired that justice. He was ready to bless the hand that was lifted for his destruction. Months elapsed, and the minister of Jesus passed that way. He heard the plan of redemption unfolded: he read in the New Testament of the sufferings of Christ, and the economy of grace. How beautiful was fitness! He wept, he wondered, he adored. He thought of the atonement, not as a doctrine in abstracto, but as a reality and disclosed, but as a matter of personal interest and experience. The agony and death seemed concentrated on him as its object. Christ died for me, was the burden of his song through life. Christ died for me, were the words which trembled on his lips when he died.

The most of them are in the last stage of their education. They could be prepared and ready in a little time, (could they be sustained), to go to our feeble and destitute churches in the East or the West—to go to the distant heathen—to go anywhere, wherever the finger of Providence should direct them. And shall they not be sustained? Shall they be stopped where they are, and turned back from that noble object on which their hearts have been so long and so earnestly set?

I do hope, my dear Sir, that measures will be immediately taken—*rigorous* measures; and not only taken, but pursued—pursued, too, without blushing or flinching, to revive and perpetuate the requisite interest in the appropriate work of American Education Society.

Yours, very affectionately.

[For the Boston Recorder.]

THE BELOVED COMMUNION—NO. XII.

PURITY.

Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God. There are some sins which, from their nature, cannot come under the notice of your fellow-men; do you make the same effort to overcome them that you make to subdue those which attract their reprehension? God demands of his children *purity of heart*. You may be sure the Son of God will never love one who is not pure in heart; and that to become peculiarly dear to Jesus, it is necessary that you become peculiarly pure in heart. God cannot look upon sin, but with abhorrence. Have you considered the lesson contained in those burdensome rites and ordinances, which were imposed upon the ancient people of God? without them, you could not have approached the presence of God; and that is the reason that the Israelites, when they came to the Jordan, were all clothed with white, and that they were to be circumcised in the flesh; (Exodus 12: 44.)

Scriptural subjects which have been especially useful in awakening sinners; How to distinguish between an awakened and a convicted sinner; Scriptural temptations and dangers of awakened sinners; Hindrances in their coming to Christ; Scriptural facts peculiarly adapted to enlighten and guide awakened sinners to the Saviour; Scriptural cases of submission to the will of God; Affecting topics of appeal to the awakened; A variety of other subjects will suggest themselves to the thoughtful and anxious pastor. Under these topics in pages left blank for the purpose, may be entered various illustrations, quotations from judicious and experienced writers, facts occurring under the pastor's notice or gathered from other quarters, hints and suggestions of his own to different classes of the awakened. How many deeply interesting incidents to enrich the pages of such a book occur in a single review! These incidents and illustrations often succeed each other rapidly, and crowd one out of the mind, unless some method is adopted, to retain them. In all their freshness, they may be retained by a little care in the way suggested. Such a blank book, lying on the study table, ready to receive any fact of value, observed or drawn from books, and ready also to receive and treasure those warm appeals which the pastor's heart works out, in its own deep ponderings, and which flash upon him at times with such power from the sacred pages; such a book, recording thus the experience and observations of years, would grow in value as years rolled on. It would become a depository of most valuable suggestions. As soon as ever scene of the Spirit's glorious power occurs in the pastor's labors, this book would be one of reference, furnishing ready to his hand, the tried weapons of such assaults on Satan's kingdom, and the successful appeals by which sinners have been safely guided to the Saviour.

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[From the Boston Recorder.]

AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mr. Editor.—You had the goodness to publish last week, from the Journal of the American Education Society, the vote of the Directors at their last meeting, stating that they were unable to make an appropriation to their beneficiaries this quarter. The following are extracts from the first response to that announcement received at the Rooms of the Society. It is from a Professor in one of the Theological Seminaries of New England. I send it, if you think proper, for publication in your columns, that your readers may the better understand the practical bearing of this whole subject.

S. H. RIDDEL.

“—————, April 20, 1842.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—I received your letter this morning, announcing that the usual appropriations of the American Education Society for the present quarter had not been made; and I communicated the result to our Beneficiaries this afternoon. They received the sad message with becoming fortitude and submission, though it was easy to see that they were greatly disappointed, and that their hearts were aggrieved and distressed. They did not blame you, Sir, or the Board of Directors, who they knew were but the almoners of the public bounty; but they did feel as though the church, the religious community, had disappointed them just and reasonable expectations.

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POETRY.

[For the Boston Recorder.]

SPRING.

Hail! lovely Spring, with glory crown'd;
Hail! every flower of the grove;
Hail, ye sweet songsters of the grove;
With you to heaven your notes of love:
Hail, all the beauties thou dost bring,
Blooming fair, delightful Spring.
Vigor and health thou wilt impart,
And raise from earth the drooping heart.
I gaze with transport as I view,
All nature decked with verdure new,
For woods and fields again are seen,
Dress'd in robes of living green;
Hills and dales with verdure strown,
Delight the balmy breezes bring;
Softening gales sweet odors blow,
Limpid streams in murmurs flow;
While with adoring joy I stand,
New wonders rise on every hand;
Still mysteries to my sight unfold,
And God in all things I behold.
In every tree, and plant, and flower,
I see the great, mighty Power;
And every blade of grass the see
Boars impress of a Daity.
None but the great, Eternal Mind
The beauties of the Spring design'd;
And none but He who rules the earth
Can cause the blossoms to put forth;
He who said, "let light appear,"
Controls the seasons of the year;
And once again around doth bring
The animating joys of Spring.

M. G.

MISCELLANY.

From the New York Evangelist.

EFFECT OF MATERNAL EDUCATION.

A FACT.

"Come, Amzi, drink it down; that's a good boy!"
"Oh, mother, I don't want to; I don't love it, it tastes so bad!"

"But, my dear, I am afraid you will get sick this cold day, without you take it. It don't taste very bad; your father and brother both use it, so come, swallow it down; for if you do not, you must stay in the house the rest of the day!"

"Oh dear," said the boy, "I don't want to take it, but let me have it;" and here the little fellow tossed off the dram of sweetened whiskey which had been prepared for him, and bounded from the room.

Such was the conversation between a good woman and her little son, many years ago. She was a pious lady, who loved her children, loved the church, and for the world would not have knowningly put a stumbling-block in the way of either.

Sister Amzi, however, found her penitently in her place at the village church each Sabbath evening she regularly communed her family together to attend to the catechism. More than this, many times during the week did she pray for her children, and in very many respects was an efficient aid to the cause of religion in the parish. But she lived in the days when free use was made of ardent spirits, and she really thought it indispensable to health. Her husband, although an elder in the church, did not scruple to use it, but never so as to become intoxicated. Her oldest son had already so profited by his training, that he loved it, and it was no difficult matter to predict his sad end. Amzi, a bright little fellow, loathed the sweetened whiskey so much, that her mother was almost invariably obliged to resort to some such threat as is contained in the above conversation, before she could induce him to take it.

It was not long after this that the misguided mother was again endeavoring to make Amzi take the sweetened whiskey.

"Mother, I don't want to take it; it is bad stuff, and makes men act bad. Only day before yesterday, Jack Beverly said his old grandmother died, and called his father, and mother wicked names. Little Mary told me all about it, and she cried about it till her eyes were as red as could be."

"Oh, but Jack is a *drunkenard*," rejoined the mother, "I do not wish you to become a drunkenard, and do as he does. I only wish you to take a little to keep you from taking cold, as that poor woman did, who died the other day. You know she took cold from being exposed, and she might have been well now if she had only taken something to prevent taking cold."

"Yes, mother, perhaps she would; but I heard brother Samuel say, that as he was riding by her house that night, he saw her husband drunk, dragging her out of the door, and that he beat her with his fist, and then left her in the cold. I don't think she would have been exposed, if her husband hadn't been drunk."

"Well, well, Amzi," said the mother impatiently to this potent, *mother of fast* preaching, "you were always a stubborn boy, and never willing to do what mother wants you to. But remember, that if you do not take this, you cannot go to the mill pond to skate with the boys to-night!"

The little boy became a young man. It was a cold winter's night, and the mean farm house kitchen was warmed with a cheerful fire. The wind moaned sadly around the house, and the snow was piled in great drifts by the road side. The mother sat before the fire, but there was not the same cheerful countenance on her countenance, which had appeared there a few years before. Care had traced some deep lines there, and her saffron weeds indicated that she was not a stranger to affliction.

"I do wonder why Amzi does not come home," said the widow, as she anxiously looked through the window upon the dreary scene without. "What can tell him so late?"

"Do you not think he may have stopped at the tavern, mother?" said an interesting girl sitting near her.

"At the tavern! No, why it was only last week we buried your dear father!" and here the poor woman sobbed at this recurrence to her late affliction.

"But mother, I am so afraid that brother is doing badly. He does not stay at home as he used to, and his eyes in the morning look so red. And then, too, I have seen him several times with Jack Beverly."

"Don't be so fearful, my dear; Amzi has too much of the noble independence of his sainted father ever to take *too much*!"

Here they were startled by the slam of the gate, and in a moment more the mother's *independent* son staggered into the room. A glance disclosed to the afflicted mother and sister his condition, and shocked, they burst into tears.

"Stop your cursing sniveling," angrily exclaimed the drunken man, "or I will drive you out of the house!"

Had an arrow pierced the sensitive mother's heart, it could not have affected her more deeply; and with one piercing shriek she swooned away. "Oh, Amzi!" exclaimed the sister, as she ran to her mother's relief.

The distress of his mother and sister seemed only to fire the drunken's brain with madness, and he would have put them both forth into the cold, had not a companion of his own, who happened to pass at that time, prevented it.

He staggered off to bed, and soon forgot his brutal conduct in the oblivion of a drunkenard's sleep. But the sufferings of the mother and daughter, though might were intense, and to the first, the bitterness of the cup was that she herself had made him a drunkenard.

The numerous conversations of home, when he was a child, and unwilling to take the sweetened liquor, came fresh to her mind. The representations of a conscience now enlightened, her regrets the unnatural conduct of her son, added to a consternation already impaired by age, and long-watching with her husband, combined to throw her into a high fever. Delirium succeeded. She at times raved like a maniac, and her mind seemed to dwell on the aversion of her little son to ardent spirits.

"Jack Beverly kicked his poor old grandmother."

er out of doors! that drunken wretch dragged his wife into the snow, and killed her! Oh, I don't love it, I don't want to take it! Why does 'nt Amzi come? Oh, then he comes! merciful heaven, he is drunk! Eliza, did you hear him speak so angrily to his old mother? Oh, I taught him to do it! And here overcome and exhausted with her sufferings, she would lie in state of stupid listlessness.

A night's sleep restored the son to his senses, and horrified at the remembrance of the last night, he vowed never to get drunk again. He hastened below to ask his mother's forgiveness, ignorant of her situation. His sister met him with a look of sorrow mingled with reproach, as she looked into his mother's room. The sufferer's face was turned towards them, but the agony of that night had made and changed her. "The vacant gaze of her eye showed that reason was dethroned. The young man saw it as it was, in an agony sprang forward to her bedside, and cast himself on his knees. "Oh mother, mother, forgive me! forgive me!" And he buried his face in the bed clothes and sobbed aloud. She did not notice him, but an expression of pain flitted across her countenance as she muttered, "I made him a drunkard; I made him a drunkard!"

Amzi sprang to his feet, and cried out in agony. The mother regarded him with the listless, vacan stare of idiocy; and he no longer able to endure it, rushed from the room.

The physician gave them no hopes of her recovery, but said it was probable she would recover her reason before death. Three days had already passed away. The mother still continued as before, at times raving with the fierceness of insanity, and at others sinking into the listlessness of idiocy. The son scarcely ate or slept, but hung on his mother's bed in agony. It was at the end of that day that the sufferer had sunk into a stupor, when she suddenly started up, and the expression of horror showed that reason had again assumed her dominion. In an instant, the repentant son cast himself on his knees at her side, "Oh mother, forgive your brutal son!"

The countenance of the dying woman was indicative of the strong emotions which rent her heart.

"My son, I am to blame, for I taught you to love her! I am now to die, but forgive your mother that I am wrong step, and grant her your dying wish. Do not touch liquor again."

"I won't, I won't touch it again: I vow before heaven I will not," rapidly uttered the young man—but dear mother, let me hear your own lips say that you forgive me for my brutal conduct!"

"Amzi, I do forgive you, but I am most to blame. Amzi—Eliza, I shall soon die; but now I trust I can die happy, for Christ has forgiven my sins. My children, love each other. Tell my absent son that his dying mother implores him to leave off drinking. Amzi, do not forget your promise. Farewell. I feel that I am going." And in a few moments the spirit of the misguided mother was in heaven.

It is needless to say, that under such circumstances, having vowed to make whom his own brutality had killed, Amzi felt that he was safe; that that vow would be a "shield to quench the fiery darts" of temptation.

Now, reader, come with me to a little village in the interior of one of the Western States. Let us enter a that comfortable looking house. It contains a single room, and the scanty and rough furniture shows it to be an abode of poverty. In one corner of the apartment, on a miserable bedstead, lies a poor boy, who is evidently ill. His right side is stiff in the last stages of disease, and with his eyes red, and countenance so pale, that he must be a drunkard. A child is lying in a cradle, and its emaciated countenance indicates deadly disease. In the same room is to be seen a group of women, to assist in the care of the dying.

"I don't see the justice of everlasting punishing me with trouble after trouble," angrily exclaimed the man. "I know that I have never done enough wrong to be punished by the death of my mother, and now of my wife and her only child! It is unjust and cruel of God to be thus everlasting tormenting me."

"Don't say so, Amzi," replied the sick woman, "we deserve all, and more than is sent on us. We are poor miserable creatures, and ought never to charge our Maker with injustice. But Amzi, I feel that my time is short, and that before my death will be left alone." Here the husband's anger gave way to feelings of sorrow.

"But, dear husband, I cannot die in peace without asking one thing. I left my father's roof for you, and you promised to be kind to me. You always have been kind to me and my babe, except when you have given way to drink. Your wife and child will soon be in the cold ground, and it is no use to promise or vow to any body after that."

"I have been gathered in the woman's eyes, as her husband thus gave utterance to his feelings. "Oh Amzi, don't say so! do promise your wife only that!"

"It's no use," sullenly answered Amzi, "I shall drink. After violating the vow to my murdered mother, God forsakes me. My day of retribution is past."

At this moment one of the women exclaimed, "She is dying." "Let me kiss my babe once more," said the sufferer with difficulty. The faint kiss was given to her, and as she imprinted a fervent kiss on its emaciated cheek, she again turned her imploring look to her husband. "By this only pledge of our affection, and by this dying scene, I implore you to promise me! Oh, do!"

"It's no use," replied the husband, "I shall drink. After violating the vow to my murdered mother, God forsakes me. My day of retribution is past."

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